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CHOICE THOUGHTS;

OR

SELECTIONS FROM NEARLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DIFFERENT AUTHORS,

FOR USE OF

HIGH SCHOOLS

FOR READING, RECITATION, AND ANALYSIS.

BY

CHAS. NORTHEND,
Author of "Teacher's Assistant," etc., and

I. N. CARLETON,
Principal of Conn. Normal School.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
549 AND 551 BROADWAY,
1878.

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CHARLES NORTHEND.
1877.

REMARKS.

This little manual has been prepared to meet the wants and wishes of many parents and teachers. It was suggested by a discussion at a meeting of teachers where the opinion was very decidedly expressed that more attention should be given to memoriter exercises in schools and families. Youth is the golden season for storing the memory with choice thoughts and expressions. An eminent educator,* in alluding to the importance of this, says:—"Had it not been for the wise course of my parents I should now be without the comfort of innumerable gems, of prose and poetry, sacred and secular, which I committed to memory in childhood."

This little book contains about two hundred choice selections from nearly one hundred and fifty different and eminent authors,—and each selection has, at least, one thought worthy of special attention.

Pupils should be required to commit them very carefully and recite them accurately and clearly, and also give a brief account of the author of the selection. At the end of each piece the name of the writer is given, with place and date of birth, and if the writer is not living, the date of death. It will be a useful exercise for pupils to search for items of

*Newton Bateman, Pres. of Knox College.

interest. Appleton's American Cyclopedia, Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary, and Allibone's Dictionary of Authors will be valuable for reference.

It is believed the compilation will also be found useful for an occasional reading book, and for lessons in analysis and parsing.

With the sincere hope that it may prove both acceptable and useful, it is offered to teachers and parents with the best wishes of the

COMPILERS.

New Britain, Conn.,
September, 1877.

N. B. A smaller manual, with shorter selections, designed for grammar and intermediate schools, entitled "Memory Gems," has already been favorably received. It is from the same publishing house.

CHOICE THOUGHTS.

PART I.—PROSE.

1. Well-Doing.

There is no virtue without a characteristic beauty to render it particularly loved of the good, and to make the bad ashamed of their neglect of it. To do what is right, argues superior taste as well as morals; and those whose practice is evil have a certain feeling of inferiority in intellectual power and enjoyment, even where they take no concern for a principle. Doing well has something more in it than the mere fulfilling of a duty. It is a cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benevolence, and makes the current of our peculiar affections strong and deep.

R. H. Dana, Mass., 1787—.

2. Education.

The aim of education is to show our youth the broad line of demarcation between the value of those

things which can be owned by but one, and those which can be owned and enjoyed by all. If I own a ship, a house, a farm, or a mass of the metals called precious, my right to them is, in its nature, sole and exclusive. No other man has a right to trade with my ship, to occupy my house, to gather my harvests, or appropriate my treasures to his use. They are mine, and are incapable both of a sole and of a joint possession. But not so of the treasures of knowledge, which it is the duty of education to diffuse. The same truth may enrich and ennoble all intelligences at once. Infinite diffusion subtracts nothing from depth. None are poorer because others are made rich. In this part of the Divine economy, the privilege of primogeniture attaches to all, and every son and daughter of Adam is an heir to an infinite patrimony.

H. Mann, Mass., 1796-1859.

3. Books.

A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent-mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And, yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself, and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its

soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit. And while some books, like steps, are left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some others go with us, in mute fidelity, to the end of life, a recreation for fatigue, an instruction for our sober hours, and solace for our sickness or sorrow. Except the great out-doors, nothing that has so much life of its own gives so much life to us.

H. W. Beecher, Conn., 1813—.

4. Work.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear, flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force,—the sacred, celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins.

Thos. Carlyle, Scotland, 1795—.

5. Reflection.

Nothing has such a tendency to weaken, not only the power of invention, but the intellectual powers in general, as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection. The activity and force of mind are gradually impaired in consequence of disease; and, not unfrequently, all our principles and opinions come to be lost in the infinite multiplicity and discordancy of our acquired ideas.

Dugald Stewart, Scotland, 1753-1828.

6. Knowledge.

It is noble to seek Truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and sacredly true. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own that the quickness of light, traveling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World; to go up, with great reasoners, to the First Cause of all, and to per-

ceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting; it is worth while, in the days of our youth, to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures; to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.

Sydney Smith, England, 1771-1845.

7. Life.

Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, it flies from birth to death, from death to birth; from the beginning seeks the end and finds it not; for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer's sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it, and reflecting, an image of God's love.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

8. A Nation's Glory.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious, and upright people. The busy click of machinery, the merry ring of the anvil, the lowing of peaceful herds, and the song of the harvest-home, are sweeter music than the pæans of departed glory, or songs of triumph in war. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodsman, and the rural home of the farmer, are the true citadels of any country. There is a dignity in honest toil which belongs not to the display of wealth, or the luxury of fashion. The man who drives the plow, or swings his axe in the forest, or with cunning fingers plies the tools of his craft, is as truly the servant of his country as the statesman in the senate, or the soldier in battle.

Bishop H. B. Whipple, New York, 1819—.

9. Knowledge and Gold.

We hear much, at present, of the veins of gold which are brought to light in almost every latitude of either hemisphere. But I care not what mines are opened in the North or in the South; in the mountains of Siberia or the Sierras of California; wheresoever the fountains of the golden tide may gush forth, the streams will flow to the regions where educated intellect has woven the boundless network of the useful and ornamental arts. It matters not if this new Pactolus flow through a region which stretches for fur-

longs,—a wide tract of solid gold,—the jewels and the ingots will find their way to the great centers of civilization, where cultivated mind gives birth to the arts, and freedom renders property secure.

Edw. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

10. Truthfulness.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself,—for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that, as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

Sir Matthew Hale, England, 1609-1676.

11. God in Nature.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless Him; the insect sports in His beam; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said, "There

is no God!" Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn,—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds,—meadows enameled with flowers,—forests hoary with snow,—fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone will you have a just conception of the universe!

F. A. Chateaubriand, France, 1768-1848.

12. The Beautiful.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. . . . The ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky,

they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

W. E. Channing, R. I., 1780-1842.

13. Resolution.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dullness to maturity, and to glory in the vigor and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of earthly adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation.

W. Irving, New York, 1783-1859.

14. Labor.

Without labor what is there? Without it there were no world itself. Whatever we see or perceive, in heaven or on earth, is the product of labor. The sky above us, the ground beneath us, the air we breathe, the sun, the moon, the stars,—what are they? The product of labor. They are the labors

of the Omnipotent, and all our labors are but a continuance of His. Our work is a divine work. We carry on what God began. What a glorious spectacle is that of the labor of man upon the earth! It includes everything in it that is glorious. Look around and tell me what you see, that is worth seeing, that is not the work of your hands and the hands of your fellows,—the multitude of all ages.

Wm. Howitt, England, 1795—.

13. Universal Education.

Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand if vicious materials are daily wrought into its framework? Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation,—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end it must be universal. The whole land must be watered with the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace gardens; but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.

H. Mann, Mass., 1796-1859.

16. Goodness of God in Creation.

Were all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasure conveyed to us by the endless variety with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert—a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendor and luxury, he would find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, he would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living luster of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind, than we, perhaps, even think or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. The beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor what we commonly intend

as their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting.

Timothy Dwight, Mass., 1752-1817.

17. The Sun.

For all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men—each upon their own meridian—from the Arctic Pole to the Equator, from the Equator to the Antarctic Pole, the eternal Sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight; twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp; twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt if he crosses the meridian at that fatal hour; twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity; twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean; twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet, whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

Edward Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

18. The Sea.

God has given the land to man, but the sea He has reserved to Himself. "The sea is His; and He made it." He has given man "no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." If he enters its domain, he enters it as a pilgrim and stranger. He may pass over it; but he can have no abiding place upon it. He cannot build his house, nor so much as pitch his tent, within it. He cannot mark it with his lines, nor subdue it to his uses, nor rear his monuments upon it. It steadfastly refuses to own him as its lord and master. It is not afraid of him, as is the land. Its depths do not tremble at his coming. Its waters do not flee when he appeareth. When it hears of him, then it laughs him to scorn.

Leonard Swain, New England, — —.

19. Our Destiny.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And,

finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are represented to our view, and then taken from us; leaving the ten thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? Surely we are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades,—where the stars will spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

Sir Lytton Bulwer, England, 1805-1873.

20. The Solar System.

If we look out upon the starry heavens by which we are surrounded, we find them diversified in every possible way. Our own mighty Stellar System takes upon itself the form of a flat disc, which may be compared to a mighty ring, breaking into two distinct branches, severed from each other, the interior with stars less densely populous than upon the exterior. But take the telescope and go beyond this, and here you find, coming out from the depths of space, universes of every possible shape and fashion; some of them assuming a globular form, and when we apply the highest possible penetrating power of the telescope, breaking into ten thousand brilliant stars, all crushed and condensed into one luminous, bright, and magnificent center.

O. M. Mitchell, Kentucky, 1810-1862.

21. Man.

Every want, not of a low kind, physical as well as moral, which the human breast feels, and which brutes do not feel, and cannot feel, raises man by so much in the scale of existence, and is a clear proof, and a direct instance, of the favor of God toward His so much favored human offspring. If man had been so made as to have desired nothing, he would have wanted almost everything worth possessing.

Daniel Webster, N. H., 1782-1852.

22. Swiftness of Life.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Bishop R. Heber, England, 1783-1826.

23. The Present Moment.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable saying, and might be

very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still should have to set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Jane Taylor, England, 1783–1824.

24. Amusements.

It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbid by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of human life, and are destined to produce important effects, both upon our happiness and character. They are, in the first place, in the language of the Psalmist, "The wells of the desert;" the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may resume its strength and its hopes. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued;

when the love of amusements degenerates into a passion; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes an habitual desire.

A. Alison, England, 1792-1867.

25. True Support.

When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of Nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of Art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they,—we can look to the throne of God. Change and decay have never reached that. The waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken. The waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

F. W. P. Greenwood, Mass., 1797-1843.

26. A Swedish Night.

How beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand-in-hand, beneath

the starless sky of midnight! From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer; and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants,—

"Ho! watchman, ho! twelve is the clock!
God keep our town from fire and brand,
And hostile hand! twelve is the clock!"

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

27. Female Fortitude.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and devotion to their character that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising, in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

W. Irving, New York, 1783–1859.

28. War.

My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind. Rather than quarrel about territory, let the poor, the needy, and oppressed of the earth, and those who want land, resort to the fertile plains of our western country, the second land of promise, and there dwell in peace, fulfilling the first and great commandment.

George Washington, Virginia, 1732-1799.

29. True Living.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; wealth or power a snowflake, melting momently into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan shall be called to choose between starvation and infamy, to have lived so that some eyes of those whom Fame shall never know are brightened, and others suffused at the name of the beloved one,—so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season and left the world no worse for his stay in it,—this, surely, is to have really lived,—and not wholly in vain.

Horace Greeley, New Hampshire, 1811-1872.

30. Books.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits through the most sublime and enchanting regions,—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may roam the remotest regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spencer's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819.

31. The Love of Glory.

In the growth of the individual the intellect advances before the moral powers; for it is necessary to know what is right before we can practice it; and this same order of progress is observed in the human family. Moral excellence is the bright, consummate flower of all progress. It is often the peculiar product of age. And it is there, among other triumphs of virtue, that Duty assumes her commanding place, while personal ambition is abased. Burke, in that marvelous passage of elegiac beauty, where he mourns

his only son, says, "Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called Fame and Honor in the world." And Channing, with a sentiment most unlike the ancient Roman orator, declares that he sees "Nothing worth living for but the divine virtue which endures and surrenders all things for truth, duty, and mankind." Such an insensibility to worldly objects, and such an elevation of spirit, may not be expected at once from all men,—certainly not without something of the trials of Burke or the soul of Channing. But it is within the power of all to strive after that virtue which it may be difficult to reach; and just in proportion as duty becomes the guide and the aim of life shall we learn to close the soul against the allurements of praise and the asperities of censure, while we find satisfactions and compensations such as men cannot give or take away. The world, with ignorant or intolerant judgment, may condemn, the countenance of companion may be averted; the heart of friend may grow cold; but the consciousness of duty done will be sweeter than the applause of the world, than the countenance of companion, or the heart of friend.

Chas. Sumner, Mass., 1811-1874.

32. Truth and Falsehood.

When we are as yet small children there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes

like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written, in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters, L-I-E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white, angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that Truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

O. W. Holmes, Mass., 1809—.

33. The True Hero.

The true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

Horace Bushnell, Conn., 1802-1876.

34. Influence Lasting.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefits of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our

hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasures laid up in heaven. We are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the "spirits of just men made perfect."

Andrews Norton, Mass., 1786-1853.

33. Knowledge.

Without knowledge there can be no sure progress. Vice and barbarism are the inseparable companions of ignorance. Nor is it too much to say that, except in rare instances, the highest virtue is attained only through intelligence. This is natural; for to do right we must first understand what is right. But the people of Greece and Rome, even in the brilliant days of Pericles and Augustus, could not arrive at this knowledge. The sublime teachings of Plato and Socrates—calculated, in many respects, to promote the best interests of the race—were limited, in influence, to a small company of listeners, or to the few who could obtain a copy of the costly manuscripts in which they were preserved. Thus the knowledge and virtue acquired by individuals were not diffused in their own age, or secured to posterity.

Chas. Sumner, Mass., 1811-1874.

36. Charity.

The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, and not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart, that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; vicissitudes of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of a world that has little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary; the threatening voices within it; health gone; happiness gone; even hope, that remains the longest, gone,—I would fain lay the erring soul of my fellow-man tenderly in His hand from whom it came.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

37. A Gentleman.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or toilet. Good clothes are not good habits. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man—no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes.

A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Bishop Doane, New Jersey, 1799-1859.

38. Politeness.

In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The golden rule contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is to their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

Mrs. L. M. Child, Mass., 1802—.

39. Washington.

The character of Washington is among the most cherished contemplations of my life. It is a fixed star in the firmament of great names, shining without twinkling or obscuration, with clear, steady, beneficent

light. It is associated and blended with all our reflections on those things which are near and dear to us. If we think of the independence of our country, we think of him whose efforts were so prominent in achieving it; if we think of the Constitution which is over us, we think of him who did so much to establish it, and whose administration of its powers is acknowledged to be a model for his successors. If we think of glory in the field, of wisdom in the cabinet, of the purest patriotism, of the highest integrity, public and private, of morals without a stain, of religious feelings without intolerance, and without extravagance, the august figure of Washington presents itself as the personation of all these ideas.

Daniel Webster, New Hampshire, 1782–1852.

40: The Power of a Word.

On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rest the axes of the intellectual world. A winged word has stuck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity.

W. S. Landor, England, 1775–1864.

41. Happiness in Memory.

Mankind are always better for having been once happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them so, twenty years hence, through the memory of it. Childhood, passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a coloring of calm pleasure, and, even in extreme old age, is the last remembrance that time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier through life for having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time among a pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; and it is more probably the recollection of their past joys that contributes to render the aged so inattentive to the scenes passing around them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and scenes that can never be again restored.

Sydney Smith, England, 1771-1845.

42. The Diffusion of Knowledge.

Through an agency all unknown to Antiquity, knowledge of every kind has become general and permanent. It can no longer be confined to a select circle. It cannot be crushed by tyranny, or lost by neglect. It is immortal as the soul from which it proceeds. This alone renders all relapse into barbarism impossible,

while it affords an unquestionable distinction between ancient and modern times. The Press, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, not only guards all the conquests of civilization, but leads the way to future triumphs. Through its untiring energies, the meditation of the closet, or the utterance of the human voice, which else would die away within the precincts of a narrow room, is prolonged to the most distant nations and times, with winged words circling the globe. We admire the genius of Demosthenes, Sophocles, Plato, and Phidias; but the printing-press is a higher gift to man than the eloquence, the drama, the philosophy and the art of Greece.

Charles Sumner, Mass., 1811–1874.

43. Books.

Science, art, literature, philosophy,—all that man has done,—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all have been garnered up for us in the world of books. There, among realities, in a "substantial world," we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance. Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We call things by their right names. Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great

and good. We despise only the despicable, we honor only the honorable. In that world no divinity hedges a king, no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce or shields a knave.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819—.

44. Erroneous Action.

It is pity that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but do so in deed. For to the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by year, and loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for He suffereth them to have a tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children; and, therefore, in the end, they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

R. Ascham, England, 1515-1568.

45. Intelligence.

Education, to accomplish the ends of good government, should be universally diffused. Open the doors of the school-house to all the children of the land. Let no man have the excuse of poverty for not educating his own offspring. Place the means of education within his reach, and if they remain in ignorance, be it his own reproach. If one object of the expenditure

of revenue be protection against crime, you could not devise a better or cheaper means of obtaining it. Other nations spend their money in providing means for its detection and punishment, but it is for the principles of our government to provide for its never occurring. The one acts by coercion, the other by prevention. On the diffusion of education among the people rest the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.

D. Webster, New Hampshire, 1782-1852.

46. Nature.

Nature has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads, and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give, therefore, a fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind,—things which can only be conceived while

they are visible,—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all,—showing here deep, and pure, and lightless,—there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.

J. Ruskin, England, 1819—.

47. The Skeptic.

Did the skeptic ever contemplate the landscape at the close of the year, when seed, and grains, and fruit have ripened, and stalks have withered, and leaves have fallen, and winter has forced her icy curb even into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and sheeted half a continent in her glittering shroud, and all this teeming vegetation and organized life are locked in cold and marble obstructions, and after week upon week, and month upon month, have swept, with sleet and chilly rain, and howling storm, over the earth, and riveted their crystal bolts upon the door of nature's sepulchre,—when the sun at length begins to wheel in higher circles through the sky, and softer winds to breathe over melting snows,—did he ever behold the long-hidden earth at length appear, and soon the timid grass peep forth; and anon the autumnal wheat begin to paint the field, and velvet leaflets to burst from purple buds, throughout the reviving forest, and then the mellow soil to open its fruitful bosom to every grain and seed dropped from the planter's hand,—buried, but to spring up again, clothed with a new, mysterious being;

then, as more fervid suns inflame the air, and softer showers distill from the clouds, and gentler dews string their pearls on twig and tendril, did he ever watch the ripening grain and fruit, pendent from stalk and vine and tree; the meadow, the field, the pasture, the grove, each after his kind, arrayed in myriad-tinted garments, instinct with circulating life; seven millions of counted leaves on a single tree, each of which is a system whose exquisite complication puts to shame the shrewdest cunning of the human hand; every planted seed and grain, which had been loaned to the earth, compounding its pious usury thirty, sixty, a hundred fold,—all harmoniously adapted to the sustenance of living nature, the bread of a hungry world; here a tilled corn-field, whose yellow blades are nodding with the food of man; there an unplanted wilderness,—the great Father's farm,—where He "who hears the raven's cry" has cultivated, with His own hand, His merciful crop of berries, and nuts, and acorns, and seeds, for the humbler families of animated nature; the solemn elephant, the browsing deer, the wild pigeon whose fluttering caravan darkens the sky, the merry squirrel, who bounds from branch to branch, in the joy of his little life,—has he seen all this? Does he see it every year, and month, and day? Does he live, and move, and breathe, and think, in this atmosphere of wonder,—himself the greatest wonder of all, whose smallest fiber and faintest pulsation is as much a mystery as the blazing glories of Orion's belt? And does he still maintain that a mir-

acle is contrary to experience? If he has, and if he does, then let him go in the name of Heaven, and say that it is contrary to experience that the august Power which turns the clods of the earth into the daily bread of a thousand million of souls could feed five thousand in the wilderness.

E. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

48. Success.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all it will not come because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effects of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

49. Motive.

In some respects our mental education resembles the system pursued by some of the ancient islanders of the Mediterranean. In order to teach their chil-

dren the use of the bow and the art of war, they suspended their breakfast every morning from the bough of a tree, and made them shoot for it, well knowing that their hunger would sharpen their aim as well as their appetites. So a benevolent Providence, in order to impose upon us a similar necessity and motive for mental activity, has hung, not only our food, but the gratification of every sense, as it were, upon a tall tree, and taught our ideas to shoot for it,—or, without the figure, to *think* for it.

Elihu Burritt, Conn., 1811—

50. Books.

Books,—light-houses erected in the great sea of Time,—books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius,—books, by whose sorcery time past becomes time present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes,—these were to visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor. Could we have Plato, and Shakespeare, and Milton in our dwellings, in the full vigor of their imaginations, in the full freshness of their hearts, few scholars would be affluent enough to afford them physical support; but the living images of their minds are within the eyes of all. From their pages their mighty souls look out upon us in all their grandeur and beauty, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819—.

51. The Gentle Charities of Life.

A man's usefulness depends far more on the kindness of his daily temper than on great and glorious deeds that shall attract the admiration of the world, and that shall send his name down to future times. It is the little rivulet that glides through the meadow, and that runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the noisy cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and fills the mind with amazement and awe. We feel that God is there; and it is well to go far to see, once at least, how solemn it is to realize that we are in the presence of the Great God, and to see what wonders His hand can do. But one Niagara is enough for a continent, or a world; while that same world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silvery fountains, and gently flowing rivulets, that shall water every farm, and every meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night with their gentle and quiet beauty. So with life. We admire the great deeds of Howard's benevolence, and wish that all men were like him. We revere the names of the illustrious martyrs. We honor the man who will throw himself in the "imminent deadly breach," and save his country,—and such men and such deeds we must have when the occasion calls for them. But all men are not to be useful in this way, any more than waters are to rush by us in swelling and angry floods. We are to be useful in more limited spheres. We are

to cultivate the gentle charities of life. We are, by a consistent walk, to benefit those around us, though we be in an humble vale, and though, like the gentle rivulet, we may attract little attention, and may soon cease to be remembered on earth. Kindness will always do good. It makes others happy, and that is doing good. It prompts us to seek to benefit others, and that is doing good. It makes others gentle and benignant, and that is doing good.

Albert Barnes, New York, 1798-1870.

52. Our Creator.

We are commanded to remember "our Creator in the days of our youth." The days of our youth are the days of our blessings. In those days we enter into life with a shower of God's blessings upon our heads; we come adorned with all the choicest gifts of the Almighty: with strength of body, with activity of limb, with health and vigor of constitution, with everything to fit us both for labor and enjoyment. If not endowed with sufficiency, endowed with what is better,—the power of obtaining it for ourselves by an honest and manly industry; with senses keen and observing; with spirits high, lively, and untamable, that shake off care and sorrow whenever they attempt to fasten upon our mind, and that enable us to make pleasure for ourselves where we do not find it, and to draw enjoyment and gratification from things in which they see nothing but pain, vexation, and disappointment.

Chas. Wolfe, Ireland, 1791-1823.

53. True Value.

It is not labor that makes things valuable, but their being valuable that makes them worth laboring for. And God, having judged, in His wisdom, that it is not good for man to be idle, has so appointed things, by His providence, that few of the things that are most desirable can be obtained without labor. It is ordained that man should eat bread in the sweat of his face; and almost all the necessary comforts and luxuries of life are obtained only by labor.

R. Whately, England, 1787-1863.

54. Behind Time.

The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "*behind time.*"

Freeman Hunt, Mass., 1804-1858.

55. Education.

Education is not confined to books alone. The world, with its thousand interests and occupations, is a great school. But the recorded experience and wisdom of others may be of the greatest aid and benefit to us. We can look about us to-day and see many who have brought the light of that intelligence which has been the guiding-star of others to bear upon their own paths, and, by its aid, have achieved an enviable position among men. Honor lies in doing *well* whatever we find to do; and the world estimates a man's abilities in accordance with his success in whatever business or profession he may engage.

J. T. Trowbridge, New York, 1827—.

56. The Land of Song.

Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing even under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But, after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theater of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

57. The Heavens Near Dawn.

It was a mild, serene, mid-summer night; the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, in her last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster, but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the South; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the North to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfigurations went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved in the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till, at length, as we

reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

Edward Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

58. The Best Books.

The books which help you most are those which make you think most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading; but a great book that comes from a great thinker,—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty.

Theo. Parker, Mass., 1810-1860.

59. Character.

The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man, constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honor without the jealousies of fame. It carries with it an influence which always tells,—for it is the result of proud honor, rectitude, and consistency,—qualities which, perhaps, more than any other, command the general confidence and respect of mankind

S. Smiles, England, 1816-

60. A True Life.

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandisement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable, monstrous, well-nigh miraculous.

Horace Greeley, New Hampshire, 1811-1872.

61. Washington.

While we commend the character and example of Washington to others, let us not forget to imitate it ourselves. The two great leading principles of his policy should be remembered and cherished. Those principles were,—first, the most complete, cordial, and indissoluble union of the States; and second, the most entire separation and disentanglement of our own country from all other countries. Perfect union among ourselves, perfect neutrality toward others, and peace, peace, domestic peace, and foreign peace as the result; this was the chosen and consummate policy of the Father of his country.

R. C. Winthrop, Mass., 1809—.

62. Genius.

It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination; and the genius of any particular man is great in proportion as he approaches this ideal of universal genius. Conceive of a mind in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakspeare, Kant and Fulton, were so combined as to act in perfect harmony; a mind vital in every part, conceiving everything with intensity, and yet conceiving everything under its due relations, as swift in its volitions as in its thoughts,—conceive of a mind like this, and you will have a definition of genius.

E. P. Whipple, Mass., 1819—.

63. Language.

Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning-flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would also have been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning. Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion.

R. C. Trench, England, 1807—.

64. Fortitude and Perseverance.

The great art of life, so far as I have been able to observe, consists in fortitude and perseverance. I have rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honorable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, young friends, is like a game at cards; our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems, at first glance, to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourselves to receive fortune when she comes your way.

W. Scott, Scotland, 1771–1832.

65. The Beautiful Unappreciated.

Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to

help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice!

But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine Artist, and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!

W. E. Channing, R. I., 1780-1842.

66. Eternity.

The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Bishop Heber, England, 1783-1826.

67. The Present Hour.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

68. Cheerfulness.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Jos. Addison, England, 1672-1719.

69. Family Courtesy.

Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite and sympathizing to each other. Those who contract thoughtless and rude habits toward members of their own family will be rude and thoughtless to all the world. But let the family intercourse be true, tender, and affectionate, and the manners of all uniformly gentle and considerate, and the members of the family, thus trained, will carry into the world and society the habits of their childhood. They will require in their associates similar qualities; they will not be satisfied without mutual esteem and the cultivation of the best affections; and their own character will be sustained by that faith in goodness which belongs to a mind exercised in pure and high thoughts.

Silvio Pellico, Italy, 1789-1854.

70. Death.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he sets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

Chas. Dickens, England, 1812-1870.

71. The True Man.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

Thos. à Kempis, Germany, 1380-1471.

72. Submission.

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross is the crown.

F. Quarles, England, 1592-1644.

73. True Greatness.

It is by what we ourselves have done, and not what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is thought that has aroused intellect from its slumbers, which has given "luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed the soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that we hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

Francis Wayland, New York, 1796-1865.

74. The Humming Bird.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we, at every step, discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in His admirable system of creation.

J. J. Audubon, Louisiana, 1780-1851.

75. A New England Summer.

Take the New England climate, in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80 degrees in the morning, with wind at southwest; and in three hours more a sea-turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods, carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. One would think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I don't know how it is; we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot, corn weather are pretty

sure to be measured out to us. The Indian Summer, with its bland southwest, and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the 25th of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness.

Rufus Choate, Mass., 1799–1869.

76. General Intelligence.

When the means of education everywhere throughout our country shall be as free as the air we breathe; when every family shall have its Bible; then, and not till then, shall we exert our proper influence on the cause of man; then, and not till then, shall we be prepared to stand forth between the oppressor and the oppressed, and say to the proud wave of domination: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Francis Wayland, New York, 1796–1865.

77. The True Monument.

No arch nor column in courtly English, or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his country; he needs them not; the unwritten benediction of millions cover all the walls.* No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.

Edw. Everett, Mass., 1794–1865.

* At Mt. Vernon.

78. Beauty.

Beauty is the mark God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic action is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

79. Benevolence.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure all around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

W. Irving, New York, 1783–1859.

80. Light and Sunshine

Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures, which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith, and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lone waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homestead shall come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope, and love. Have no dungeon about your house, no room you never open, no blinds that are always shut.

Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Conn., 1822—.

81. Greatness Promoted.

A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes, and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo, he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

82. Good Advice.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment or for the safety and benefit of others.

Sir Matthew Hale, England, 1609-1676.

83. Mount Washington.

I have been something of a traveler in our own country,—though far less than I could wish,—and in Europe have seen all that is most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople,—from the summit of the Hartz Mountains to the Fountain of Vancluse,—but my eye is yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which is discovered from Mount Washington, when, on some clear, cool, summer's morning, at sunrise, the cloud-curtain is drawn up from nature's grand proscenium, and all that chaos of wildness and beauty starts into life,—the bare, gigantic tops of the surrounding heights: the precipitous gorges a thousand fathoms deep, which foot of man or ray of light never entered;—the somber-matted forest,—the moss-clad rocky wall weeping with crystal springs,—winding streams, gleaming lakes, and peaceful villages below,—and in the dim, misty distance, beyond the lower hills, faint glimpse of the sacred bosom of the eternal deep, ever heaving as with the consciousness of its own immensity,—all mingled in one indescribable panorama by the hand of the Divine Artist.

Edw. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

84. How to be Remembered.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.

B. Franklin, Mass., 1706-1790.

85. True Living.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon *all* hath he written, "*None of us liveth to himself.*"

John Todd, Vermont, 1800-1872.

86. Education.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

E. Everett, Mass., 1794-1865.

87. Pride.

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

B. Franklin, Mass., 1706-1790.

88. A Christian's Life.

A Christian man's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and, in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all the changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

H. W. Beecher, Conn., 1813—.

89. Intemperance.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretch abroad its populous limbs, like a flowering tree, covered with green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood desolate and alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust.

W. Irving, New York, 1783-1859.

90. Happiness.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror, transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

Washington Irving, New York, 1783–1859.

91. Christianity.

The real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.

T. B. Macaulay, England, 1800–1859.

92. Profaneness.

Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society,—I care not what clothes he wears or what culture he boasts,—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.

E. H. Chapin, New York, 1814—.

93. Labor.

Labor hews down the gnarled oak, shapes the timber, builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor brings us India spices and American cotton; African ivory and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South, and furs from the frozen North; tea from the East, and sugar from the West; carrying, in exchange, to every land, the products of industry and skill. Labor, by the universally-spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all the necessaries and luxuries of life; and, by the pulsations of an untrammeled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

Newman Hall, England, 1816—.

94. A Kind Act.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every one remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village. With longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there

quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The owner came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by occupation, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, gave it to him. Neither giver nor receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, at a distance from that home, after so many events and so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.

Douglas Jerrold, England, 1803–1857.

95. Rectitude.

Let it be proclaimed in every school that there are original, immutable, and indestructible maxims of moral rectitude,—great lights in the firmament of the soul,—which no circumstances can affect, no sophistry obliterate. That to this eternal standard every individual of the race is bound to conform, and that by it the conduct of every man shall be adjudged. Let it be proclaimed that dishonesty, fraud, and falsehood are as despicable and criminal in the most exalted stations as in the most obscure, in politics as in business. That the demagogue who tells a lie to gain a vote is as infamous as the peddler who tells one to gain a penny.

Newton Bateman, New Jersey, 1822—.

96. Charity.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Geo. Bancroft, Mass., 1800—.

97. Energy.

Nothing great or good can be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam-power, the motive principle of intellectual capacity. It is the propelling force; and as in physics momentum is resolvable into velocity and quantity of matter, so in metaphysics, the extent of human accomplishment may be resolvable into the degree of intellectual endowment and the energy with which it is directed. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with minds. Hence we often see men of comparatively small capacity, by greater energy alone, leave, and justly leave, their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction, and preferment.

Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia, 1812—.

98. June.

This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The winds bring perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasure. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven. Speak to God now, and say, "O Father! where art thou?" and out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here!" The sea claims Him. The land hath Him. His footsteps are upon the deep. He sitteth upon the circle of the earth. O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months that come burning from the Equator scorch you!

H. W. Beecher, Conn., 1813—.

99. My Library.

In my garden I spend my days; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flowers I am in the present; with the books I am in the past. I go into my library and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it

vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve.

I see the pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theater,—the stage is time, the play is the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp! what processions file past! what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors!

Alex. Smith, Scotland, 1830-1867.

100. True Reading.

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee,—a king's garden none to the butterfly.

Lord Lytton, England, 1805-1873.

PART II.—POETRY.

1. The Voyage of Life.

Life is a sea,—as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
And *thou* must sail upon this sea, a long
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must.*

O! then be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skillful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. O! learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thy sails from Passion's sudden blasts,—
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not,—in Heaven.

Henry Ware, Jr., Mass., 1794–1843.

2. Be Patient.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth!
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth,—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth,—must underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch the wheat-ears grow,
So imperceptibly that we can mark nor change nor throe,—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day.

R. C. Trench, England, 1807—.

3. Life.

The shortest life is longest, if 'tis best;
'Tis ours to work,—to God belongs the rest.
Our lives are measured by the deeds we do,
The thoughts we think, the objects we pursue.
A fair young life poured out upon the sod,
In the high cause of freedom and of God,
Though all too short his course and quickly run,
Is full and glorious as the orbéd sun;
While he who lives to hoary-headed age
Oft dies an infant,—dies and leaves no sign;
For he has writ no deed on history's page,
And unfulfilled is being's great design.

Anon.

4. Passing Away.

I asked the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower;—
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears:—
"We have no light that hath not been given;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven;
We have no power wherein man may trust;
Like him are we,—things of time and dust,
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence is 'Passing away.'"

Maria J. Jewsbury, England, 1800-1833.

5. Good Advice.

In reading authors, when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think on at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white;
Such a respect is wisely shown
That makes another's sense one's own.

In conversation, when you meet
With persons cheerful and discreet,
That speak, or quote, in prose or rhyme,
Things or facetious or sublime,
Observe what passes, and anon,
When you come home think thereupon;
Write what occurs, forget it not,
A good thing saved 's a good thing got.

Notes and Queries.

6. True Living.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives longest;
Lives in one hour more than years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means to an end,—that end,—
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God.

P. J. Bailey, England, 1816—.

7. Thought.

Companion, none is like
  Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,—
  Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
  But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
  When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
  Our kinsmen at the grave;
But virtues of the mind
  Unto the heavens with us we have;
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  To deem in thinking spent.

Thomas Vaux, England, 1510-1557.

8. God's Love.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
  There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
  There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
  There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
  True love to us, and love undying.

Gerald Griffin, Ireland, 1803-1840.

9. Cultivation.

Weeds grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,
And bloom on hills, in vales, and everywhere,
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers,—
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;
While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.
So flowers of genius that will longest live,
Spring not in Mind's uncultured soil,
But are the birth of time and mental toil,
And all the culture Learning's hand can give.
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

Mrs. E. C. Kinney, America——.

10. Twilight.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

F. G. Halleck, Conn., 1795-1867.

11. The Rainy Day.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. Longfellow.

12. God.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep,—may count
The sands or the sun's rays,—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

G. R. Derzhavin, Russia, 1743-1816.

13. The Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy beauty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled;
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Jas. Thomson, England, 1700-1748.

14. Five Things.

If Wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how* and *when* and *where*.

Anon.

15. Example.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee, by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

John Keble, England, 1792-1866.

16. The Difference.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

R. C. Trench, England, 1807—.

17. The Living Temple.

Not in the world of life alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

Oliver W. Holmes, Mass., 1809—.

18. Labor.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Frances S. Osgood, Mass., 1813-1850.

19. The Tempest.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo Terror to delight us:—but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,—
To know all human skill, all human strength
Avail not,—to look 'round, and only see
The mountain-wave, incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,—
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Robt. Southey, England, 1774-1843.

20. Faith.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Frances A. Kemble, England, 1811—.

21. Poetry.

The world is full of Poetry,—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,—
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

Jas. G. Percival, Conn., 1795-1856.

22. Memory.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
When there are somber colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is in possession.

Jean Ingelow, England, 1830—.

23. A Twilight Picture.

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back:
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

J. G. Whittier, Mass., 1808.

24. Knowledge and Wisdom.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Wm. Cowper, England, 1731-1800.

25. Wisdom.

Ah! when did Wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No: Wisdom views, with an indifferent eye,
All finite joys, all blessings born to die;
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark which upward tends by nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity;
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.

Hannah More, England, 1745–1833.

26. Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

Edw. Young, England, 1684–1765.

27. The Gain of Adversity.

A lily said to a threatening cloud
That in sternest garb arrayed him,
"You have taken my lord, the Sun, away
And I know not where you have laid him."

It folded its leaves, and trembled sore
As the hours of darkness pressed it,
But at morn, like a bird, in beauty shone
For with pearls the dews had dressed it.

Then it felt ashamed of its fretful thought,
And fain in the dust would hide it,
For the night of weeping had jewels brought,
Which the pride of day denied it.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Conn., 1791-1865.

28. Duty and Right.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not,
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers.

W. C. Bryant, Mass., 1794—.

29. The Rainbow.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,—
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose,
And thus when the rainbow has passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awakes are too deep to pass by;
It leaves my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like the bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Amelia B. Welby, Maryland, 1821-1852.

30. Earnest Workers.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds:
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across their narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.

One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had felled
The goodly frame-work of a fairer state;
The builder's trowel and the settler's ax
Are seldom wielded by the self same hand;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the after-time.

Russell Lowell, Mass., 1819—.

31. The Guilty Conscience.

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
  Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close;
Till, inly searched by thousand throes,
  And maddening in her ire,
One, and a sole relief she knows;
The sting she nourished for her foes—
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain—
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse has riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath—
Around it flame, within it death.

Lord Byron, England, 1788-1824.

32. The Cost of Success.

Few know of life's beginning; men behold
The goal achieved;—the warrior, when his sword
Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun;
The poet,—when his lyre hangs on the palm;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue:
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
What are to them the solitary nights
Passed pale and anxious by the sickly lamp,
Till the young poet wins the world at last
To listen to the music long his own?
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.

L. E. Landon, (*Letitia E. Maclean*,) England, 1802-1839.

33. True Philosophy.

With sweet flowers opening on thy sight daily,
Sing as the birds sing, gladly and gayly.
Think not of autumn sere, winter's grim shadows;
Sing as the birds sing over the meadows.

See what the hour reveals fairly and truly,—
Not what the cloud conceals, but the cloud duly.
Think every common day is a good granted;
Hail every trial sent as a tree planted.

Paint not the tempest's hour till it close o'er thee,
Trust not to Fancy's power,—have it before thee.
Seen its aurora-gleams, felt its dark terror,
Then to thy work proceed, fearless of error.

God sendeth naught in vain, gladness or sorrow:
Strength giveth of its gain, weakness must borrow.
Tempest and summer rain give the tree stature;
Each one who skulks the pain narrows his nature.

Anon.

34. The Weaver.

Little they think, the giddy and the vain,
  Wandering at pleasure 'neath the shady trees,
While the light glossy silk or rustling train
  Shines in the sun or flutters in the breeze,
How the sick weaver plies the incessant loom,
  Crossing in silence the perplexing thread,
Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
  Where droops complainingly his cheerless head;
Little they think with what dull, anxious eyes,
  Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,
The devious mingling of those various dyes
  Were wrought to answer Luxury's commands:
But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,—
Where weary Lazarus leans his head on Abraham's
    breast!

Mrs. C. E. S. Norton, England, 1808-1877.

35. Dying Thoughts.

And in my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste is heaven!
And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps!—that those
Which I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorer slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.

John Pierpont, Conn., 1785–1866.

36. A Good Life.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Anon.

37. Philanthropy.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,—
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still,—and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt, England, 1784-1859.

38. The Moss Rose.

The angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought,—
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

F. A. Krummacher, Germany, 1768-1845.

39. Neglected Opportunity.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

W. Shakespeare, England, 1564-1616.

40. Disaster.

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aërial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So disaster comes not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

41.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

W. Scott, Scotland, 1771-1832.

42. Ignorance May be Bliss.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

A. Pope, England, 1688-1744.

43. How to Rise.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. Holland, Mass., 1819—.

44. An Alpine Storm.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Lord Byron, England, 1788-1824.

45. Seek Only the Good.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his quiet song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips;
But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness ever pressed
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
In all the varied human flowers we meet
In the wide garden of humanity,
And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
Hived in our hearts, it turns to nectar there.

Anne C. Lynch (Botta), Vermont, — —.

46. All may Attain Essential Knowledge.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers;
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low, for proudly-grand
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
Ponders this true equality may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.

Wm. Wordsworth, England, 1770-1850.

47. The Passing of Time.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

W. Shakespeare, England, 1564-1616.

48. Nature.

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where Nature showed herself,
And reaped her crops, whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and
stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round.
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.

Robert Pollok, England, 1799-1827.

49. Time's Importance.

On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged; the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day,"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? say rather lord of human race!
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme! Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.

Edw. Young, England, 1684-1765.

50. Lowly Worth.

Some love the glow of outward show,
The shine of wealth, and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.
What's all the gold that glitters cold
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?
Whate'er we're told, the noblest gold
Is truth of heart and honest feeling.

A humble roof may give us proof
That simple flowers are often fairest;
And trees whose bark is hard and dark
May yield us bloom and fruit the rarest!
There's worth as sure among the poor
As e'er adorned the highest station;
And minds as just as theirs, we trust,
Whose claim is but of rank's creation!
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,
Mere fashion's smile and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it!

Chas. Swain, England, 1803—.

51. The Grasshopper and Cricket.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's,—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats, England, 1796–1821.

52. The Rhodora.*

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals fallen in the pool
  Made the black waters with their beauty gay;—
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
  And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
  Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
  But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

R. W. Emerson, Mass., 1803—.

53. The Lilies.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson, given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

* On being asked whence this flower.

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Bishop R. Heber, England, 1783-1826.

54. Trial and Hope.

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed,
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempests freed
Will raise the youthful honors of its head;
And soon, restored by native vigor, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
For heaven will exercise us to the last;

Sometimes will check us in our mid career,
With doubtful blessings and with mingled fear,
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pampered blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young,
With little morsels, and delays them long.

Dryden, England, 1631-1700.

55. The Angel of Patience.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on the way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!"
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.

John Greenleaf Whittier, Mass., 1808—.

56. The Angler.

But look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,
Swinging his rod with skillful hand;
The fly at the end of his gossamer line
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,
Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,
It touches the pool beyond the froth.
A-sudden the speckled hawk of the brook
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings
The spray from the flash of his finny wings,
Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright,
Is towed to the shore like a staggering barge,
Till beached at last on the sandy marge,
Where he dies with the hues of the morning light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.
The angler in his basket lays
The constellation, and goes his ways.

Thomas Buchanan Read, Penn., 1822—.

57. Home.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his God for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Oliver Goldsmith, Ireland, 1728-1774.

58. Virtue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,—
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,—
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert, England, 1593-1632.

59. Old Age.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease: not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

60. Good Counsel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee.

Wm. Shakspeare, England, 1564-1616.

61. A Sunset.

I saw a glory in the ethereal deep;
A glory such as from the higher heavens
Must have descended. Earth does never keep
In its embrace such beauty. Clouds were driven,
As by God's breath, into unearthly forms,
And then did glow, and burn with living flames,
And hues so bright, so wonderful and rare,
That human language cannot give them names;
And light and shadow strangely linked their arms
In loveliness; and all continual were
In change; and with each change came new charms.
Nor orient pearls, nor flowers in glittering dew,
Nor golden tinctures, nor the insect's wings,
Nor purple splendors for imperial view,
Nor all that art or earth to mortals brings,
Can e'er compare with what the skies unfurled.

These are the wings of angels, I exclaimed,
Spread in their mystic beauty o'er the world.
Be ceaseless thanks to God that, in His love,
He gives such glimpses of the world above,
That we, poor pilgrims, on this darkling sphere,
Beyond its shadows may our hopes uprear.

Thomas Cole, England, 1697—.

62. Exertion Essential.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves:
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious, oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation. E'en the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder; but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fixed below, the more disturbed above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all.

Wm. Cowper, England, 1731-1800.

63. Truth.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfill
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified for ever; better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of, and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

J. Russell Lowell, Mass., 1819—.

64. Life.

When sanguine youth the plain of life surveys,
It does not calculate on rainy days;
Some, as they enter on the unknown way,
Expect large troubles at a distant day,—
The loss of wealth, or friends they fondly prize;
But reckon not on ills of smaller size,—
Those nameless, trifling ills, that intervene,
And people life, infesting every scene;
And these, with silent, unavowed success,
Wear off the keener edge of happiness:
Those tearing swarms, that buzz about our joys
More potent than the whirlwind that destroys;
Potent with heavenly teaching, to attest
Life is a pilgrimage, and not a rest.
That lesson learned aright is valued more
Than all Experience ever taught before;
For this her choicest secret, timely given,
Is wisdom, virtue, happiness, and heaven.
Long is religion viewed, by many an eye,
As wanted more for safety by-and-by,
A thing for times of danger and distress,
Than needful for our present happiness.
But after fruitless, wearisome assays
To find repose and peace in other ways,
The sickened soul,—when Heaven imparts its grace,—
Returns to seek its only resting place;
And sweet Experience proves as years increase,
That Wisdom's ways are pleasantness and peace.

Jane Taylor, England, 1783-1824.

63. The Mountains.

Howe'er the wheels of Time go round,
We cannot wholly be discrowned.
We bind, in form, and hue and height,
The Finite to the Infinite,
And, lifted on our shoulders bare,
The races breathe an ampler air.
The arms that clasped, the lips that kissed,
Have vanished from the morning mist;
The dainty shapes that flashed and passed
In spray the plunging torrent cast,
Or danced through woven gleam and shade,
The vapors and the sunbeam's braid,
Grow thin and pale: each holy haunt
Of gods or spirits ministrant
Hath something lost of ancient awe;
Yet from the stooping heavens we draw
A beauty, mystery, and might,
Time cannot change nor worship slight.
The gold of dawn and sunset sheds
Unearthly glory on our heads;
The secret of the skies we keep;
And whispers, round each lonely sleep,
Allure and promise, yet withhold,
What bard and prophet never told.
While Man's slow ages come and go
Our dateless chronicles of snow
Their changeless old inscription show,
And men therein for ever see
The unread speech of Deity.

Bayard Taylor, Penn, 1825—.

66. The Soul's Emblem.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west;—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

John Wilson, Scotland, 1785-1854.

67. Sunset.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

Jas. Thomson, England, 1700-1748.

68. Happiness.

True happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with justice went,
And with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

Robt. Pollok, England, 1799-1827.

69. Memory's Power.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy.
They come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore, Dublin, 1779-1852.

70. The Mind.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark;
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
Oh no, good friend: neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

Wm. Shakespeare, England, 1564–1616.

71. The Sabbath Morning.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow luster throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

John Leyden, Scotland, 1775–1811.

72. Morning's Music.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?—
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the low valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bee; the linnet's lay of love;
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

Jas. Beattie, Scotland, 1735-1803.

73. Patriotism.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Walter Scott, Scotland, 1771-1832.

74. Summer.

She is here!
Amid the distant vales she tarried long,
But she hath come, oh joy! for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day,
Sounding from plains and meadows, where, of late,
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poiséd leaves
Are platformed for the zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things; the Spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loud song
At morn outsoars his pinion; and when waves
Put on night's silver harness, the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping. She hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of Heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry
Is typical of love. She hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils, and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful of the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed; and when the lowlier children
Faint by the way-side, like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother, all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dews.
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth; the days
Are dowered with her beauty.

Anna Drinker (Edith May), Penn.

75. An Autumn Evening.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood,
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think of his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with herself. Vesper looked forth
From out western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the East, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there.

Robt. Pollok, England, 1799-1827.

76. The Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
  There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
  By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but Nature more,
  From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
  To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Lord Byron, England, 1788-1824.

77. All is Well.

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
  Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
  From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
  The love of God more plain;
As through the shadowy lens of even,
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

J. G. Whittier, Mass., 1808–

78. The Ship of State.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rung, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, fear not to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

79. Forgiveness.

When on the fragrant sandal-tree
  The woodman's ax descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
  Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
"Peace to her foes and love to all!"
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow and feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit ne'er was given on earth;
One had it,—He of heavenly birth;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no plaint He made,
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers and died.

Anon.

80. Good Heart and Willing Hand.

In storms or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'Tis cheerful heart!
The two best friends I know,
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first, not second best:
Who weeps, may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodgéd in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit dôwn to dine;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Without these twain, the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them, poverty grows rich
And finds a loaf to spare!

Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
  Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
  Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
  Ne'er finds the journey long;—
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
  Merrily sound the song!

Chas. Mackay, Scotland, 1814—.

81. Faith.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,—
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy,—for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow and ever-enduring power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

W. Wordsworth, England, 1770-1850.

82. Morning.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild: then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

John Milton, England, 1625-1660.

83. Trifles.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!
To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
God gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of ministering to others' ease
To all her sons impartial Heaven decrees;

The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppressed, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdued the petty strife
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things.

Hannah More, England, 1745-1833.

84. Greatness and Goodness.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel death.

S. T. Coleridge, England, 1772-1834.

85. Hope, Love, Faith.

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings;
Love, though he break his earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again;
But Faith, that soars to seek the sky,
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came.

O. W. Holmes, Mass., 1809—.

86. Life.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night,"—but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

Anna L. Barbauld, England, 1743-1825.

87. The Excellent Man.

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more;
Said that I only should 'wait awhile,'
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I cannot embrace him,—though *other* folks *can*,—
For I myself am this excellent man.

Harper's Magazine.

88. Life's Aim.

So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. Bryant, Mass., 1808—.

89. The Housekeeper.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn,—'tis well—,
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,—
Knock when you will,—he's sure to be at home.

Chas. Lamb, England, 1775-1834.

90. The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wm. Wordsworth, England, 1770-1850.

91. Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundred-fold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

Alex. Smart.

92. The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

J. R. Drake, New York, 1795-1820.

93. Small Beginnings.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the
  daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from
  the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory
  breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul
  from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at
  random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

Chas. Mackay, Scotland, 1814—.

94. Gold.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary,—
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,—
As ever its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

Thos. Hood, England, 1798-1845.

95. Influence.

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather: one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

Mrs. S. T. Bolton, Ohio.

96. What Gives Strength.

For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
Of discord, law, and freedom of oppression:
We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,
The promised land below us, bright with sun,
And deem its pastures won,
Ere toil and blood have earned us the possession!
Each aspiration of our human earth
Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth;
Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,
And conquer life through agony supreme;
Each inborn right must outwardly be tested
By stern material weapons, ere it stand
In the enduring fabric of the land,
Secured for those who yielded it, and those who wrested.

Bayard Taylor, Penn., 1825—.

97. Expression.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

A. Pope, England, 1688-1744.

98. Effort.

The heights by great men gained and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the light.

H. W. Longfellow, Maine, 1807—.

99. How to Live.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He livest longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

H. Bonar, Scotland, 1808—.

100. The Disciple.

Who meekly folds his hand in Jesus' palm,
And follows Him through dusty lane and street,
Through store and market-place, at home, abroad,
And in the busy haunts of men, as much
As in the lonely stillness of the night,
Clings ever nearer to the Lord's close touch,
To me is Christ's disciple if, with mine,
His heartbeats do but throb in unison,
Though eye see not to eye, will waiting stand,
Till, when the thin disguise of speech shall fall,
On his brow shall be written, CHRIST MY ALL.

Wm. L. Gage, N. H., 1832—.

101. Short Words.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this seem true, that once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some foe or fiend. There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but not heat,—a flash, but not blaze.

J. A. Alexander, Penn., 1809-1860.

102. A Character.

O, happiest he, whose riper years retain
The hopes of youth, unsullied by a stain!
His eve of life in calm content shall glide,
Like the still streamlet to the ocean tide:
No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tranquil day;
No meteor lures him from his home astray;
For him there glows with glittering beam on high
Love's changeless star that leads him to the sky;
Still to the past he sometimes turns to trace
The mild expression of a mother's face,
And dreams, perchance, as oft in earlier years,
The low, sweet music of her voice he hears.

J. T. Fields, New Hampshire, 1820—.

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